DARK HORSE 20 YEARS
$2.99 U.S.
1 of 3
Dwight T. Albatross's
THE GOON
NOIR
PATTON OSWALT • MIKE PLOOG
BILL MORRISON • STEVE NILES
RYAN SOOK • THOMAS SNIEGOSKI
and ERIC POWELL
DIRECT SALES
DQP

Dwight T. Albatross

PRESENTS

THE GOON

Noir #1 (of 3)

"Franky's Rival"

Story by Patton Oswalt

Art by Mike Ploog

The Little Unholy Bastards in "Peg Leg Full of Heaven" Part 1

Story by Thomas Sniegoski

Art by Eric Powell HACK!

"Hey Goon, Comics!"

Story and Art by Bill Morrison

"Big Ma's Hootenanny & Slack-Jaw Fighting"

Story by Steve Niles

Art by Ryan Sook

Lettering by Blambot's Nate Piekos

edited by **Matt Dryer** designed by **Amy Arendts** published by **Mike Richardson**

Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-a-Zombie Foundation**

Back in Black: **Scott Allie**

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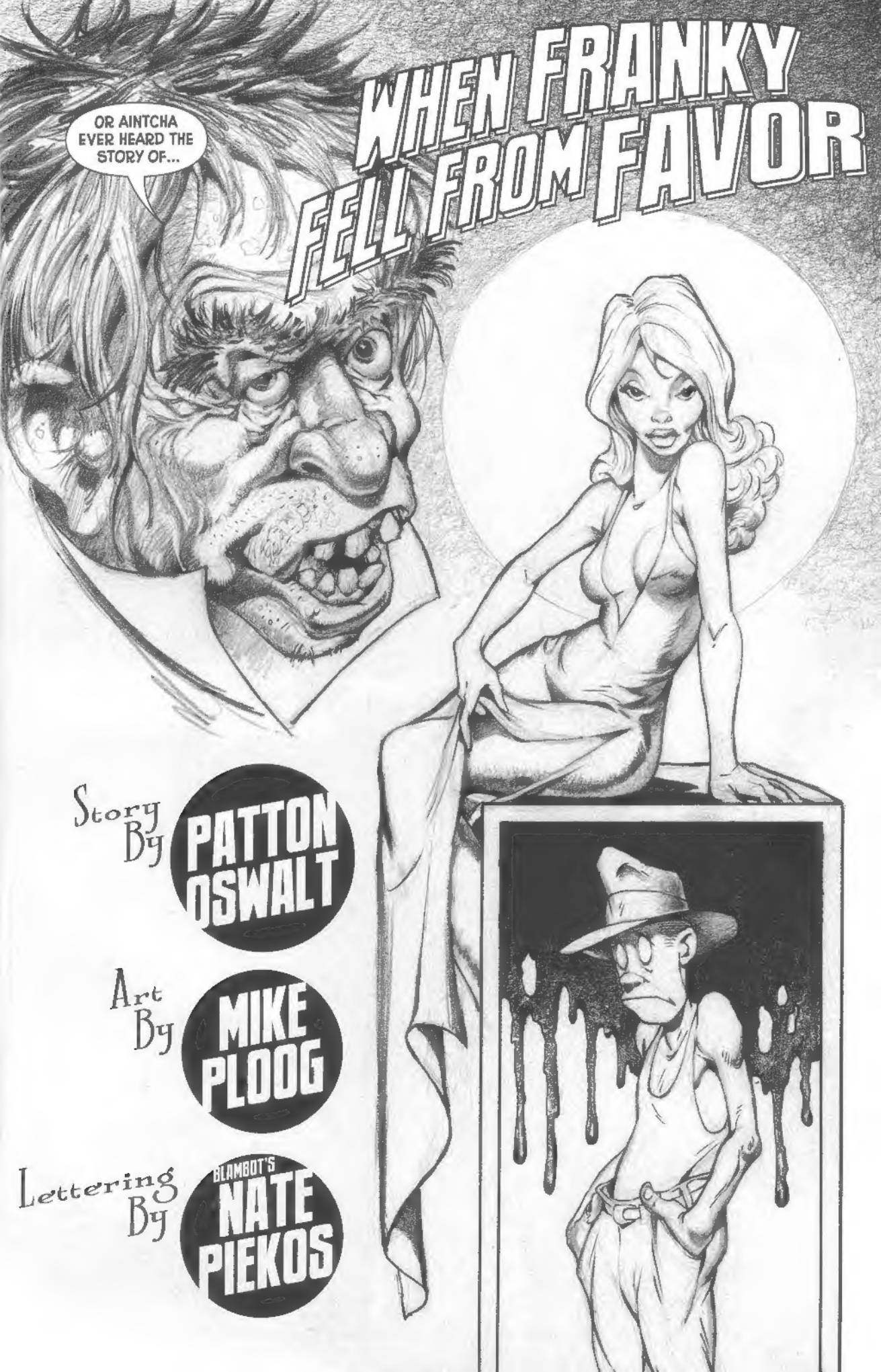
So here we are. Starting with his indy books in '99, and now his Dark Horse run, Powell has cranked out about twenty-six issues of *The Goon*. Twenty-six mediocre-at-best issues in seven years. Way to go, Powell, you prolific Dean Koontz-like powerhouse. And while we've all been completely dazzled by the somewhat passable art and stories in this plethora of twenty-six issues, I know what all of you have been thinking. Powell, he's good...Okay, he's fairish, but there are so many people who could do this book better. So now that I have this chance to throw together my own Goon comic with Powell out of the picture, I'm going to show you people how it's really done. However, make no mistake, this product is not my complete vision. Compromises had to be made. When I stepped up to bat on the project, I had a list of creators in mind. A veritable godlike ensemble of comedic genius! Unfortunately, Powell's piece-of-crap comic holds no street cred with such giants of the medium as Jimmy "JJ" Walker, Larry the Cable Guy, Carrot Top, Fred "Rerun" Berry, Ron "Horshack" Palillo, and Bill O'Reilly. All of whom turned me down. But don't hold it against Rerun. Turns out he's dead. We miss you, Rerun. So I had to turn to my "B" list. They turned me down, too. I ended up just having to pick guys who were better than Powell. As you would assume, that was really, really easy. So while this book is not my complete vision, hey, it's still better than Powell. Well, except for the story that Powell draws. I had that thrown in just so you could contrast his level of incompetence.

And to those who have made accusations that I have done something to Powell or that I am in some way keeping him, secluding him from outside contact, nothing could be further from the truth. Eric is simply taking some private time for himself to finish the *The Goon: Chinatown and the Mystery of Mr. Thistle* graphic novel. There is nothing fishy about Powell's phone calls being forwarded to me, his checks being directly deposited into my account, and my refusal to allow friends and family to contact and pester him during his self-imposed break from public view. You people have been watching too many conspiracy movies.

—Dwight T. Albatross

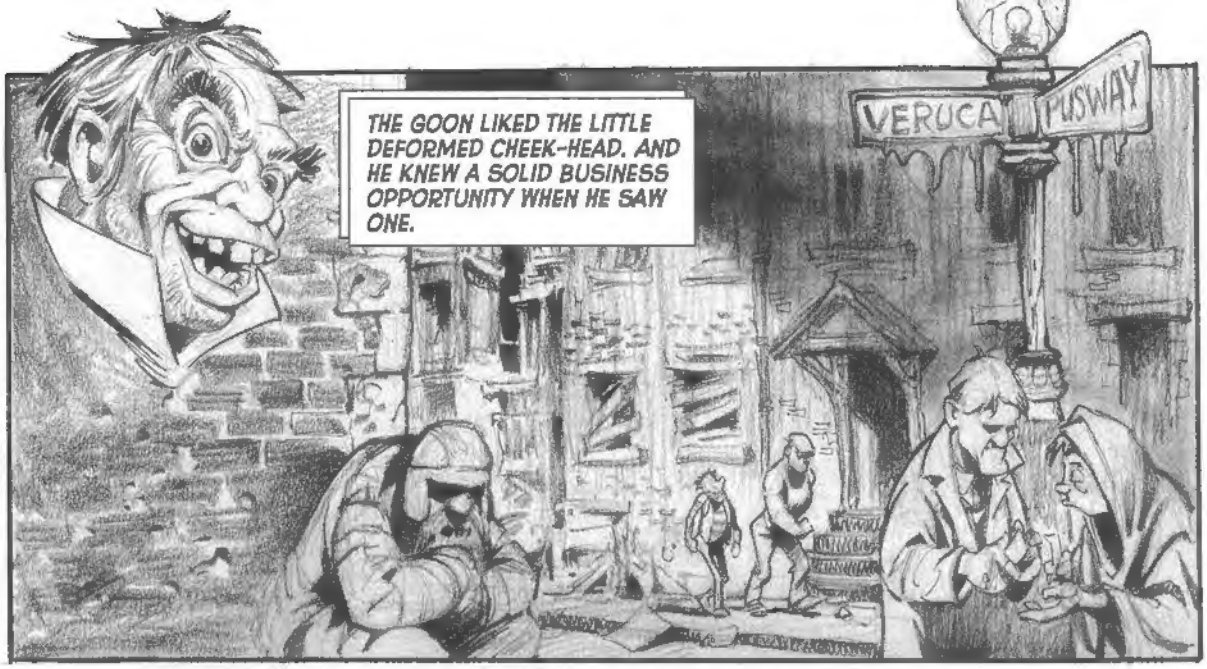
HOT SALTED PANCAKES, WILLYA LOOKIT THAT?
FRANKY'S GOT THE GOON BACKING HIS YAP, AND FISHES A FAT SKIM.
YEAH, BUT HE'S PLENTY TOUGH ON HIS OWN.
A BAG O' PIRANHAS INSIDE A MURDER BOX.
SO THAT'S THE DEAL. TWO LARGE FOR YOU, AND WE SKIM THE BRAINS TO SELL PREMIUM TO THOSE NO-BREATHS LATER. YOU GO AHEAD AND DELIVER THE LIVER AND LIGHTS.
THAT'S TAKING A BITE. THE BRAINS THE ZOMBIES PAY PRIME FOR.
WHADDYA CARE? IT AIN'T YOUR TRUCK LINE. BE HAPPY I DON'T SPLIT YER MELON WITH A SHOVEL AND TAKE THE WHOLE HANDLE!
Eh, HE WOULDN'T BE SO TOUGH TO POP. MAYBE WE SET UP AS THE GOON'S HENCHMEN. THEN WE'D BE--
DON'T EVEN SAY THAT!
POOL
BAI


OR AINTCHA EVER HEARD THE STORY OF...
WHEN FRANKY FELL FROM FAVOR
Story By
PATTON OSWALT
Art By
MIKE PLOOG
Lettering By
BLAMBOT'S
NATE PIEKOS

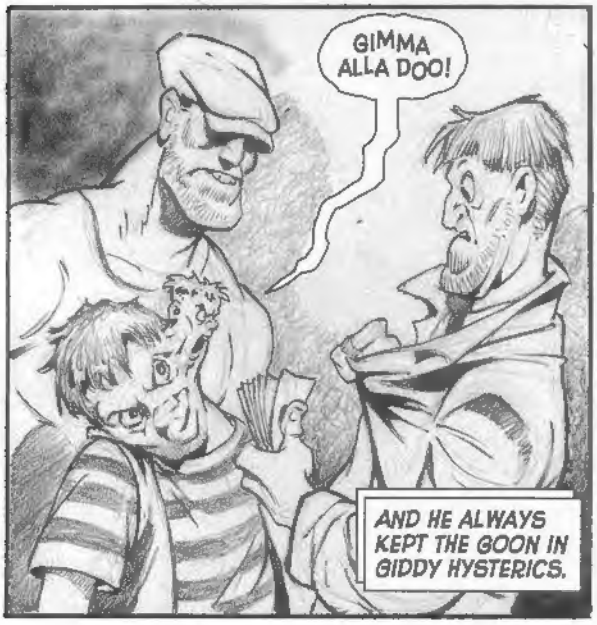
IT ALL STARTED BECAUSE OF A LADY...
HEY, POUR ME A SHOT OF SHAMELESS LADY RYE!
WE ONLY GOT LEERING LARRY.
WHAT? WE WERE EXPECTING A TRIP-CASE OF SHAMELESS LADY TONIGHT! JEEZ, USETA BE A TIME WHEN YOU TOOK A STAPLE GUN TO AN ABC DISTRIBUTOR, IT MEANT SOMETHIN'!
THEY POURING SHAMELESS LADY TONIGHT, FRANKY?
SHIPMENT NEVER SHOWED.
LET'S GO. I KNOW WHERE IT IS.

LINE UP, CHUMS! I'M DECORATING THE MAHOGANY.
SHADY LADY
SHADY LADY
JUST THE ONE BOTTLE, AND THEN WE SELL THE REST. RIGHT, EUPLE?
BWATTLE!
TWIST ME A DREAM, SKINWORT. YA WORRY TOO MUCH. EUPLE SHATTERS DOESN'T LET PROFIT GET IN THE WAY OF GETTIN' PICKLED!
I'M SERVING UP *MONKEY-WRENCH SOUP!* WHO WANTS A BOWL?

ALL YOU HAD TO DO WAS GIVE UP THE RYE, EUPLE.
Y-YA DIDN' AS' ME TO!
Huh. HEY, I THINK YER RIGHT. Oh WELL.
FIVE ACROSS THE EYES! YA-HA!
FAVVA COZZA AHHS!
Heh.


THE GOON LIKED THE LITTLE DEFORMED CHEEK-HEAD. AND HE KNEW A SOLID BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY WHEN HE SAW ONE.
VERUCA
PUSWAY

HE'D NEVER BOTHERED TO EXPAND INTO THE SECTION OF TOWN CALLED "THE SEEPAGE." SKINWORT'S CHEEK-HEAD KNEW ALL THE CONNECTIONS AND OPERATORS.


GIMMA ALLA DOO!
AND HE ALWAYS KEPT THE GOON IN GIDDY HYSTERICS.

GLABBA PABBLE!

MEANWHILE, FRANKY WAS BESIDE HIMSELF. NOT ONLY WAS HE LOSING A FRIEND, HE WAS LOSING A STEADY SOURCE OF INCOME AND, MOST IMPORTANTLY, JUSTIFIED VIOLENCE. HE SAT AND DID THE PROFOUNDEST THINKING OF HIS LIFE...UNTIL...
STALE BEER
STALE BEER
OF COURSE!
BAR

SHMOOPIE!
IT WAS FRANKY'S SUBTLEST PLAN. A DEVIOUS, CUNNING, MULTI-LAYERED PLOT THAT EVEN THE SLYEST OF--
KNIFE TO THE EYE!
AS FER YOU, YA MUTTERING, STUTTERING ZIT, YA!
GLEEZLE! GAH DUT-DUT!
POP

HOW'D THE GOON TAKE IT?
FRANKY HAD THAT ALL COVERED. LIKE I SAID, A BRILLIANT PLAN.
HEY, WHERE'S THAT DEFORMED GUY AND HIS FUNNY HALF-A-BOIL FACE TWIN?
I HEARD THEY GOT DRUNK, CHOPPED THEMSELVES UP, AND JUMPED INTO AN INCINERATOR.
Huh.
FRANKY AND THE GOON BFF

THE END

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY WE PRESENT FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT...

A DWIGHT T. ALBATROSS JOINT. THE LITTLE UNHOLY BASTARDS IN...
Peg-Leg Full of Heaven
Part 1
By Eric "Stimey" Powell &
Tom "Wheezer" Sniegoski
Lettering by Nate "Pokey" Piekos

ah--
ohhhh...

TOUCH MY PORKCHOP, WILL YA!
SWAKK
GOOD ONE, PEEWEE...FOR A CRIPPLED KID! HAWWW!
MRS. MCGREG SAYS NOT TO MAKE FUN OF CRIPPLED KIDS 'CAUSE THEY'LL COME AND TAKE YOU IN THE NIGHT AND MAKE YOU A CRIPPLE TOO.
KEEP IT DOWN YOUSE MUGS, WITH YOUR PORKCHOPS AND CRIPPLED KIDS. CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO THINK?
WE'VE JUST GOTTA COME UP WITH A WAY TO GET THE GOON TO MAKE US PART OF HIS GANG.
Aw, gee, SMITTY. HE'LL NEVER LET US DO THAT!
IF WE WAS BIGGER HE'D LET US, I BET.
MRS. MCGREG SAYS WE SHOULD NEVER'VE BEEN ALLOWED TO LIVE, AND THEY SHOULD'VE SUFFOCATED US WITH A PILLOW THE MINUTE WE WAS BORN.
MEEOORRW
I CAN'T STOP THINKIN' ABOUT WHAT MR. FRANKY SAID TO US THE OTHER NIGHT IN THE ALLEY.
THAT IF MAN WASN'T MEANT TO LAY WITH ANIMALS, GOD WOULDN'T HAVE MADE THEM SO GOSH-DARN CUTE?
THAT THERE'S NOTHING THAT AN OILY RAG AND A BOTTLE OF GASOLINE WON'T FIX?
THAT SOMETIMES IT'S NECESSARY TO GIVE A WOMAN A GOOD RAP IN THE MOUTH--IT KEEPS 'EM HONEST?
NO, NO, AND NO.
YOU KNOW, WHAT HE WAS SAYIN' ABOUT THE GUY WITH THE PEG LEG...FULLA CANDY!

HE BROUGHT SUCH JOY TO US! EVERY DAY WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE TYKE, WE'D WAIT FOR HIM BY THE RAILROAD TRACKS AS HE CAME HOME FROM GETTIN' SOUSED.
BUT THE CELESTIALS DOWN ON HANOVER GIVE US *FIVE CENTS* A RAT.
NO RATS FER *US,* NO SIR. WE HAD CANDY FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD. THE DASHIN' CAPTAIN GLAND WOULD SHARE HIS DELICIOUS BOUNTY, BRINGIN' JOY TO US FROM DEEP INSIDE HIS WOODEN PROSTHETIC.
WE WAS SO LUCKY TO HAVE THIS GUY. THE MOST DELICIOUS TREATS IN ALL THE LAND. AND ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS DANCE FER IT! LIKE CHICKENS ON A HOTPLATE! *HAH!* THAT PEG LEG WAS FULLA THE STUFF. CANDY WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD!
BUT THEN THEY TOOK HIM AWAY. SAID HE WASN'T RIGHT IN THE HEAD. ALL THAT JOY HE BROUGHT TO US...AND HE WASN'T RIGHT IN THE HEAD. IT'S A SIN, I TELL YA...A *SIN!*
"CANDY WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD."
SPLAT
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE GONNA GET FOR 'EM. CANDY FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE WORLD, WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN *GOLD.*

"WE'LL BE A SHOE-IN FOR HIS GANG FER SURE!"
BANG BANG BANG BANG
"BUT, SMITTY, WHERE ARE WE GONNA FIND THIS GUY WITH THE FAKE LEG? SOUNDS LIKE THEY HAULED HIM AWAY A LONG TIME AGO."
"MRS. MCGREG SAYS..."
"SHUT YER YAP ABOUT THAT OLD COW, WOULD YA? I'M GETTIN' AN IDEA.
"MR. FRANKY SAID THAT THEY HAULED THIS GUY AWAY FOR NOT BEIN' RIGHT IN THE HEAD.
"SO WHERE DO THEY TAKE YA FER NOT HAVIN' ALL YER MARBLES?
"I THINK I KNOW JUST THE PLACE."
The SHADY ACRES HOME for the LONG LOST and FORGOTTEN
NOBODY WOULD THINK TO LOOK FOR ME HERE.

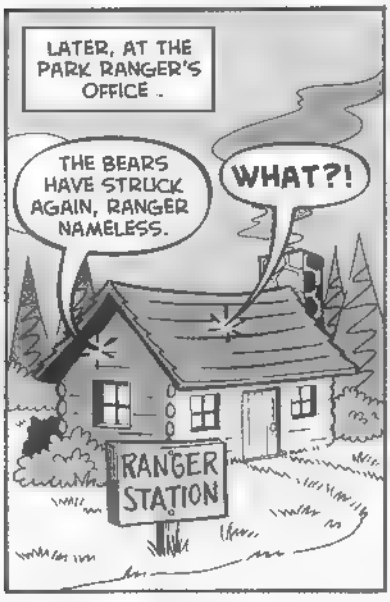
END OF PART ONE!

HEY GOON! COMICS!
THIS ELIXIR'LL FIX YOU RIGHT UP.
IT AIN'T FER ME! OLD LADY MCGILLICUDDY'S GOT THE BACKDOOR TROTS SOMETHIN' FIERCE.
STORY & ART Bill MORRISON
TONAL ENHANCEMENT by SERBAN
LETTERING BY:
TRUE TALES
Y-YES SIR. WHATEVER YOU SAY, MR. GOON. THAT'LL BE A DOLLAR AND A HALF.
PUT IT ON MY TAB. NOW SCRAM!
B-BUT I WORK HERE.
SNAKE O. BRAND BOWEL CLEANING TONIC
BWA HA-HA
"GOONY BEAR," HAW! WHO THINKS UP THIS HAPPY CRAPPY?
Bill APPROVED COMICS
Knife TO THE EYE COMICS
HEY LOOK!
GOONY BEAR
"GOONY BEAR"? LEMME SEE THAT!

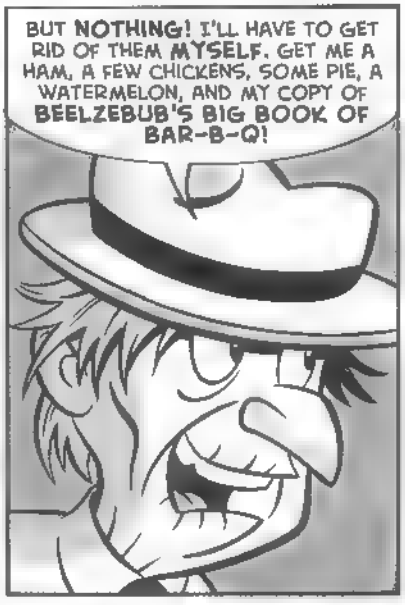
GOONY bear in ZOMBIES WIN AGAIN!
AW, CRUD, GOONY! ZOMBIES AGAIN!
YEAH, POO POO. EVER SINCE THAT NEW RANGER TOOK OVER, JELLYBONE PARK'S BEEN LOUSY WITH 'EM. AND THE LIVIN' HUMANS IS FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.
DEAD SPREAD
WELL, US BEARS STILL GOTTA EAT.
GIMME!
SWIPE!
THAT PIC-A-NIC BASKET BETTER NOT BE FULLA WHAT I THINK IT IS! TAKE A LOOK, POO POO.
RALPH, THEM BEARS AIN'T GOT NO PANTS!
OH, BOY, SANGRICHES!
POO POO, WAIT! DON'T--
GLOMPH!
BLECHHH! IT'S BRAINS!
NOT AGAIN!

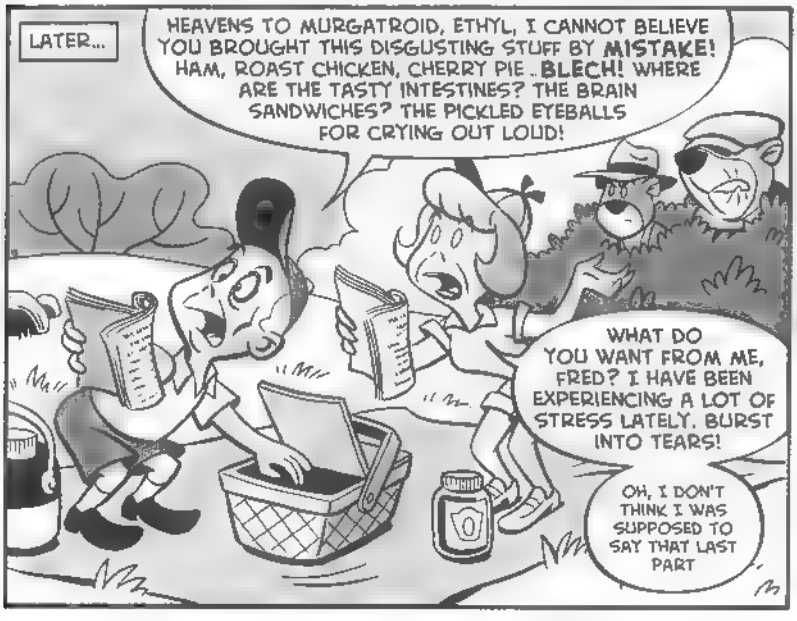
BRAIN SANDWICHES, BRAIN PIE, SPINACH ARTICHOKE BRAIN DIP... IF WE DON'T GET SOME NORMAL HUMAN FOOD WE'RE GONNA STARVE TO DEATH!
I WARNED YA!
SPLORP
BASH

YOU SAID IT! C'MON, THERE'S GOTTA BE SOME BREATHERS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE


LATER, AT THE PARK RANGER'S OFFICE .
THE BEARS HAVE STRUCK AGAIN, RANGER NAMELESS.
WHAT?!
RANGER STATION

THOSE PESKY BEARS KEEP KILLING MY ZOMBIE TOURISTS AS FAST AS I CAN MAKE THEM! WHY HAVEN'T YOU EXTERMINATED THEM?
WE TRIED, BUT--


BUT NOTHING! I'LL HAVE TO GET RID OF THEM MYSELF. GET ME A HAM, A FEW CHICKENS, SOME PIE, A WATERMELON, AND MY COPY OF BEELZEBUB'S BIG BOOK OF BAR-B-Q!


LATER...
HEAVENS TO MURGATROID, ETHYL, I CANNOT BELIEVE YOU BROUGHT THIS DISGUSTING STUFF BY MISTAKE! HAM, ROAST CHICKEN, CHERRY PIE . BLECH! WHERE ARE THE TASTY INTESTINES? THE BRAIN SANDWICHES? THE PICKLED EYEBALLS FOR CRYING OUT LOUD!
WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME, FRED? I HAVE BEEN EXPERIENCING A LOT OF STRESS LATELY. BURST INTO TEARS!
OH, I DON'T THINK I WAS SUPPOSED TO SAY THAT LAST PART

THE RANGER'S GOTTA BE KIDDIN'. IT'S AN OBVIOUS TRAP!
OH BOY, =SMACK= REAL FOOD!

LEMME AT IT!
POO POO, STOP!
AW, WHAT THE HELL.
REND! RIP! SHRED!
SOON, INSIDE GOONY'S CAVE..
BE CAREFUL, POO POO SUMTHIN' STILL AIN'T RIGHT ABOUT THIS
NOW WE EAT!
GOONY BEAR
NNGH!
CHOMP!
UH, OH.
SPURT!
WELL I'LL BE JIG-SWIGGERED!
MUNCH! MUNCH! GLOMPH!
NOOO! THE RANGER WAS TOO SMART FOR US!
CHOMP!
THE ZOMBIES WIN AGAIN! YEAAARGH!
CHEW!

HEY, I THINK THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE US!
YER A REGULAR SAM SPADE, FRANKY.
GOONY BEAR
WHADDAYA KNOW ABOUT THIS?
N-N-NOTHING! JUST THAT IT'S THE HOTTEST COMIC BOOK IN THE COUNTRY. I SELL G-GOONY BEAR COMICS BY THE HUNDREDS EVERY MONTH.
'ZAT SO? HMMM... "NAMELESS PUBLISHING," EH?
FRANKY, GET THE CAR.
Goony Bear is ™ & © Name
ublishing 1313 Lonely S
Rights Reserved. Any
persons or bears living,
is purely coincid
SOON...
NAMELESS PUBLISHING
GOONY BEAR COMICS
WHAT THE--?
HERE FRANKY, GO TO THE SAFE AND COLLECT OUR ROYALTIES.
UNHAND ME SIR! I AM A CARTOONIST!
RIP!
POW!
SMASH!
MAYBE SO, BUT YER STILL A STINKIN' ZOMBIE!
EVERYBODY'S A CRITIC!
CANCELLED
QUIET, YOU!
OKAY, LET'S SCRAM.
I'M SMARTER THAN THE AVERAGE ZOMBIE, EH, FRANKY?
YEAH, AND UGLIER TOO!

THE END

MY NAME IS EUNICE BONNIE-LYNNE SCRUGGS, BUT MOST A DA FOLKS AROUND THESE PARTS JUST CALL ME BIG MA. I BEEN A RESIDENT LONG BEFORE THE SLACK-JAWS EVER SHOWED UP. HECK, I WAS HERE BEFORE THE GOON EVER DONE GOT BORNED.
AND THAT GOON FELLA IS THE REASON I'S HERE TALKING AT Y'ALL. I HAVE A TALE O' MY OWN ABOUT THAT BIG BRUTE OF A MAN, ONE YOU-UNS MIGHT NOT'A HEARD BEFORE.
IT ALL STARTED WHEN I HAD A LITTLE BUSINESS RUNNIN' OUT THE BACK O' MY HOUSE. SOMETHING I LIKED TO CALL BACKYARD SLACK-JAW FIGHTIN'! BUT THAT AIN'T THE TRUE BEGINNING OF THIS HERE YARN. IT ALL STARTED WHEN THE GOON FOUND OUT ABOUT MY VENTURE.

HEY MISTER, WHAT'S THE RUSH?
SOMEBODY'S MESSING WITH GOON'S RACKETS AND EVEN THE SAUCY LIKES OF YOU WON'T SLOW ME DOWN. NOT NOW, SISTER!
WELL, I NEVER!
SOMEHOW I DOUBT THAT.
...SO CHARLIE NOODLES SAYS, "YOU TAKE IT. I DON'T NEED NO BALD HAMSTER!"
HERE COMES FRANKY.
WHAT'S UP, FRANKY? LOOKS LIKE YA GOT SOME SUN.
I'LL GIVE YOU SOME SUN.
WHAT?
NOTHING.
tap tap

WHAT'S EATIN' YOU?
YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE IT, GOON! BIG MA SCRUGGS IS RUNNING RACKETS ON MY TURF!
THAT'S FUNNY, FRANKY. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD TURF.
JEEZ, GOON, OL' PAL. I'M JUST STEAMED. I MEAN OUR TURF.
YOUR ANGER IS CLOUDING YOUR JUDGMENT THEN, BECAUSE THE ONLY ONE AROUND HERE WITH "TURF" IS ME. I GUESS YOU KEEP FORGETTING THAT.
YEAH, I GUESS SO. WHERE YA RACING TO, ANYWAY?

HOLY DINGLE-BERRY-STEW! LOOK AT THE SIZE OF HER OPERATIONS!

THESE AIN'T NO BACK ALLEY CARD GAMES. BIG MA'S MAKING A MOVE AND MESSING WITH THE POWER STRUCTURE OF THIS HERE BURG!

FIVE BONES A FIGHT. IF YOU DON'T HAVE A SLACK-JAW OF YOUR OWN, A BIG MA LOANER CAN BE RENTED FOR A NOMINAL FEE. IF IN THE EVENT SAID RENTAL GETS DEVOURED, HALF THE RENTAL PRICE WILL BE RETURNED. YOU LOSE, GAMBLING-WISE, THAT'S YOUR PROBLEM. HOW MANY?

HE'S SAYING BIG MA' PUTTING THE LEAN ON MY WALLET AND I AIN'T HAPPY. TWO PLEASE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS. HOW MANY?

WHAT YOU HAVE HERE IS A COMPLETE MELTDOWN OF THE CRIMINAL AND SOCIAL, YES I'LL SAY IT, SOUL OF ME AND THE GOON'S BIZ-NESS OPERATIONS!

Bones Battle

Slack Jaw fight

Winner

WELL, SINCE WE'RE HERE.

YOU'RE A SUCKER FOR A PRETTY FACE.

HECK, I'M A SUCKER FOR AN UGLY FACE, IF THE LIGHTING'S RIGHT!

RENTAL

IT'S AN *ECLIPSE!*

UH-OH.

OH REALLY? WELL FIRST I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY BABY BOY, ALL-TIME SLACK-JAW WRESTLING AND PIG-SLAPPING CHAMPION.

BIG MA. HOW YOU BEEN?

YOU AIN'T HERE TO SPOIL MY FUN, ARE YOU GOON?

NO, I'M HERE TO COLLECT MY CUT.

OH RAD DAMN!

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED.

THAT IS ONE BIG BOY.

LOOKING' GOOD, BIG MA.
GET OUT OF MY WAY KID. I'M SHUTTING DOWN THIS DEAD MEAT SWINGER PARTY!
HAMMA BAMMA MAMMA JAMMA!
OH, YOU CAN CALL ME EUNICE.
Aaaaw, MY BABY IS GONNA DE-BONE THE GOON FOR HIS MAMMA.
DE-BONED, HUH?
HAMMA BAMMA!
CRUD.
AHHHHH! GET 'IM OFF ME! HOLY CRUD! GET 'IM OFF ME!
OINK?

SQUEE
COME'RE PIG.
SQUEE
I SAID GET OFF!
THIS ILLEGAL SLACK-JAW FIGHTING IS NOW OVER! GO BACK YOU YOUR HOMES AND DISPOSE OF THE ZOMBIES IN A SAFE AND THOROUGH MANNER! DON'T MAKE ME COME LOOKING FOR YOU!
I ALMOST GET BEAT TO DEATH BY A GIANT RETARD, AND FRANKY RUNS OFF. FIGURES.
GUESS I'LL APOLOGIZE TO BIG MA FER KILLING HER GIANT KID SOME OTHER TIME.
weeee
weeee

SO, AFTER THAT MY SLACK-JAW WRESTLING BUSINESS WAS OVER AND DONE.
AND MY BIG BOY WAS DEAD.
BUT I DON'T HOLD NO GRUDGES AGAINST THE GOON. HE'S DONE MORE GOOD 'N BAD...EVEN IF HE DID BEAT MA BOY TO DEATH WITH A HOG.
NOW I HAVE ME A NEW BIG BOY AND I THINK HE'S GONNA BE *QUITE* THE FIGHTER.
WHAT CAN I SAY? THEM SKINNY LITTLE FELLAS LOVE US BIG WOMEN.

THE END

Ask ALBATROSS

Check out The Goon online at www.darkhorse.com and www.thegoon.com

goonmail@aol.com or write to us at GOONMAIL, c/o Dark Horse Comics, 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, OR 97222

This *Satan's Sodomy Baby* thing has gotten out of hand. I've received more mail from issue #18 than all the other *Goon* issues combined. I don't see what all of the fuss is about. I've read the issue, and trust me, it ain't that good. And frankly, I think this Snodgrass lady has a point. I think all of you need to go to church and stop crying about censorship and how you were deprived of some satanic butt-sex comic. Since there were so many letters, I just picked the one that summed it up best.

Dear Eric,

After reading issue 18, I was horrified that Margaret Snodgrass is attempting to oppress your First Amendment right to freedom of speech.

What I find most interesting and more telling is her true motive to prevent your story. The name MARGARET SNODGRASS is an anagram for SATANS DREGGS MORRA. Go ahead, I'll give you a few moments to let that phrase flow through the old gray matter. You're probably scratching your head right now saying, "What the fuck does that mean?"

Before I reveal what this cryptic translation means, I will first produce my evidence. I did some research on the Internet, and this is how I have drawn my conclusion.

1. An anagram is a way to conceal a hidden meaning. Most people are familiar with Jim Morrison's "Mr. Mojo Risin'" and more currently in the phrases in *The Da Vinci Code.* (source: google.com)

2. Satan often disguises himself from man in order to trick him into doing his bidding. The earliest example is taking the form of a snake in the Garden of Eden. (source: *The Bible*)

3. Satan also does not want to be exposed. In the movie *Bless the Children,* the line "the Devil's greatest trick was convincing man that he didn't exist" is a reference to a similar line in another movie of the same genre, *End of Days,* in which Father Kovak says: "Satan's greatest trick was convincing man that he didn't exist." It also refers to *The Usual Suspects* where the line "The greatest trick the devil ever pulled was convincing the world he didn't exist." shows up. (wikipedia.com)

4. Satan: The profoundly evil adversary of God and humanity, often identified with the leader of the fallen angels; the Devil. [Middle English, from Old English, from Late Latin Satn, from Greek Satanas, Satn, from Hebrew n, devil, adversary, from an, to accuse, act as adversary. See n in Semitic Roots.] (source: dictionary.com)

5a. Dreg: The basest or least desirable portion. Often used in the plural: the dregs of humanity. [Middle English dreg, from Old Norse dregg.] \Dreg"gish\, a. Foul with lees; feculent. (source: dictionary.com)

5b. Feculent: Full of foul or impure matter; fecal. (source: dictionary.com)

6a. Morra: 1. woman, girl, chick [Spanish, Norwegian] (source: urban dictionary.com)

Now to expose Margaret Snodgrass for who she really is!

SATAN'S FOUL MOTHER!

Satan's own mother is attempting to prevent you from telling the story of his Sodomy Baby!

It is unfortunately, not the final blow to this saga.

Unfortunately for you Satan's mother has helped her son with this verdict against the comic book industry and artists such as yourself: (source: rcfp.org)

"Court rejects First Amendment protection for comic book.

"An appellate court upheld a $15 million jury verdict against a comic book artist, ruling his speech is not protected because the artist intended to profit from it.

"June 23, 2006—The First Amendment does not protect the drawings of a comic book artist because they violate the publicity rights of a professional hockey player, a Missouri appeals court ruled Tuesday.

"In the legal faceoff between artist Todd McFarlane, who created *Spawn* comic book character Tony Twist, and former St. Louis Blues player Tony Twist, the Missouri Court of Appeals in St. Louis upheld a $15 million jury verdict against the artist.

"'The predominant purpose of the name "Tony Twist" was to sell comic books and related products and not to make an expressive comment about Twist the hockey player. Therefore, the use of the name is not entitled to First Amendment protection,' Judge Glenn A. Norton wrote for the unanimous three-judge panel.

"The real Twist joined the St. Louis Blues in 1994 and in 1997 sued McFarlane after discovering the comic book version of himself. The first time the case went to a jury, Twist was awarded $24.5 million but the judge threw out the verdict, ruling that the First Amendment protected McFarlane's drawings and story line. The Missouri Court of Appeals agreed, but in 2003 the state Supreme Court overturned the decision and sent the case back for retrial.

"In that decision, the state's highest court adopted a predominant-use test: speech with a predominant artistic purpose is protected while speech with a predominant commercial purpose is not. The test, not used by any other state, is adopted from a law review article by Mark S. Lee, 'Agents of Chaos: Judicial Confusion in Defining the Right of Publicity—Free Speech Interface.' *The Loyola of Los Angeles Entertainment Law Review* published the article in 2003."

(Doe v. McFarlane; Michael Kahn, Blackwell Sanders Peper Martin, St. Louis, Mo.)

According to Missouri Supreme Court law, you are trying to cash in on Satan's name for commercial purposes and not strictly artistic purposes. I grant you that SATANS DREGGS MORRA lives in Alabama, but if she can work her way into the Missouri Supreme Court, she will most certainly have her way with you in Alabama.

With sincerest grief,
Keith J. Brett

Okay, whatever. See this is the type of person that wants to see the filth that spews out of Eric Powell's head. Anyway, lets get onto some real letters.

dear Dwight

i know i recently swore off sex, but i cant stop thinking about you. and me. that's hot!

i love your pictures on my space. they're hot! i want to do you on that couch while its on fire. that couch, its hot!

love Paris

Sorry, baby. I've seen your video, and trust me, you couldn't handle the experience of 100% full-on Dwight.

oh Mr. albatross

i am such a huge fan of yours. you are so hunky! i hope you enjoyed the naughty picture i sent you. lets get married!

love
Jessica Alba-tross

Yeah, you're cute and all, but I need my space. Thanks for the photo. Are you a gymnast?

DWIGHT

i don't know what you ate, but i can not get rid of this poo-man-chu. thanks!

Angie Jolie

When are you going to tell Brad it's mine?

hey Dwight!

my views prohibit me from consuming flesh. however, that doesn't include your tube steak. in fact, i have joined PETA, Pam Eats That Albatross!

yours forever
Pam Anderson

You know I love your whorish mouth, Pammy?

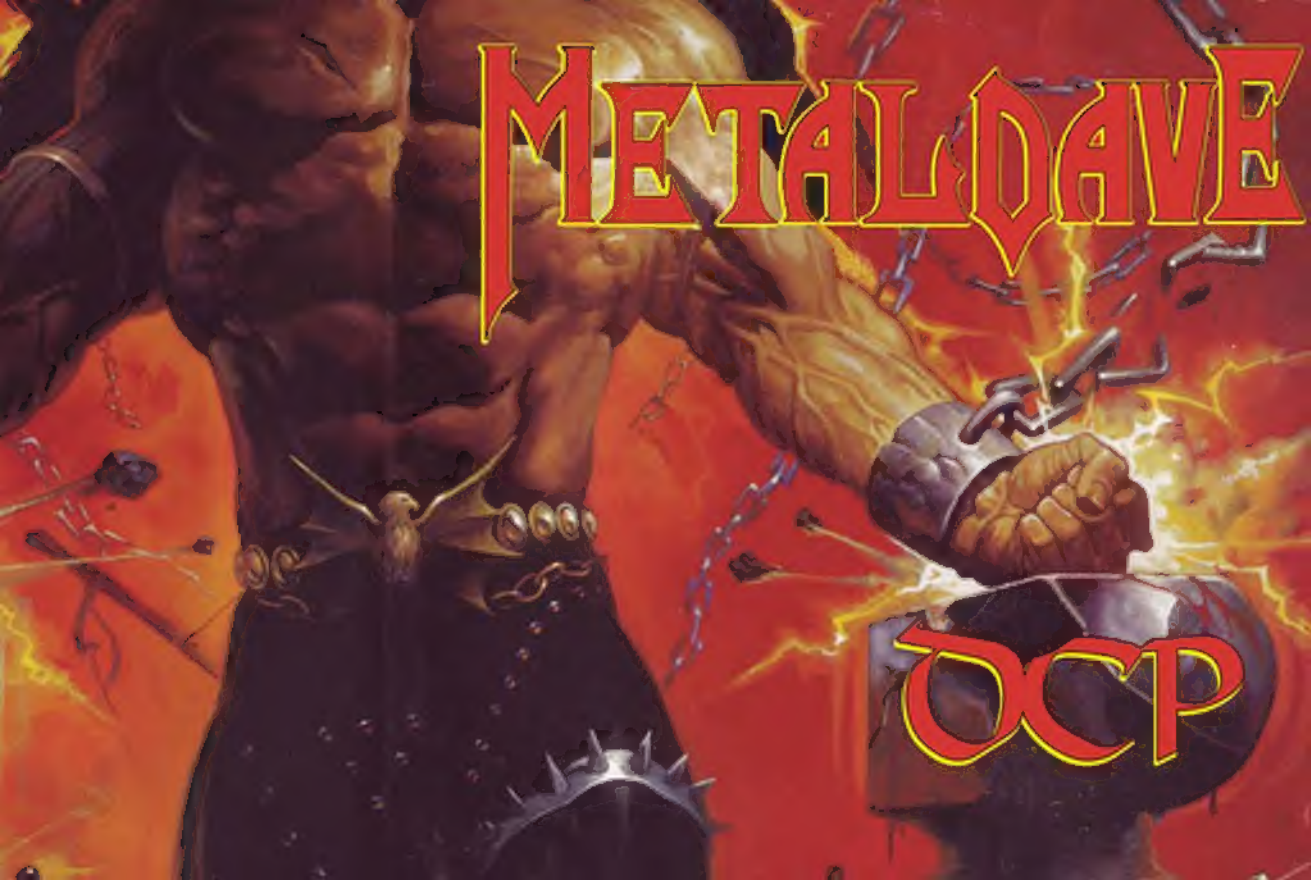
Dwight

i saw you on that couch, and oh my gaa, it was on fire! that was so hot, hot like a buffalo wing. you know I'm single now, do me big boy!

Jessica Simpson

What can I say. Chicks dig me. As if you all didn't know. See you in issue #2!

—Dwight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